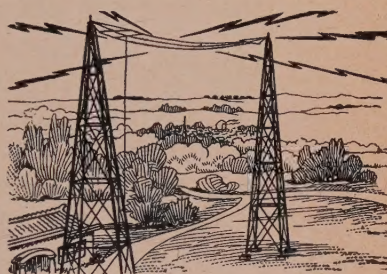


The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



PROOF

If radio's slim fingers can pluck
a melody

From night—and toss it over a
continent or sea;

If the petaled white notes of a
violin

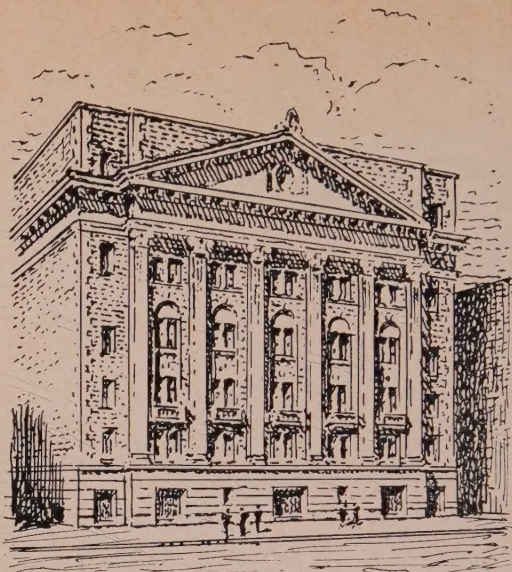
Are blown across the mountains or
the city's din;

If songs, like crimson roses,
are culled from thin blue air—

Why should mortals wonder if God
hears prayer?

Ethel Fuller.

There Be Light"



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

“The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will.”

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor



Vol. XX

MAY, 1943

Number 2

LOOKING AHEAD

DR. BRADLEY WILL SPEAK ON THE FOLLOWING SUBJECTS
FOR THE REMAINDER OF OUR CHURCH YEAR—

11:00 A. M.

SUNDAY, MAY 2—"What Are Gremlins?"

SUNDAY, MAY 9—MOTHERS' DAY—"The Bravest Heart of All"

SUNDAY, MAY 16—RADIO SUNDAY—"My Experiences as a Radio
Speaker"

SUNDAY, MAY 23—OUT-OF-DOOR SUNDAY—"The Earth Is His"

SUNDAY, MAY 30—MEMORIAL SUNDAY—"These Dead"

SUNDAY, JUNE 6—BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY—"Youth—This
Is Your Hour"

SUNDAY, JUNE 13—CLOSING SUNDAY AND ANNIVERSARY
SERVICE—"31 Years in a Free Pulpit"

ALL SERVICES ARE BROADCAST BY WJJD

Plan to Attend Every Service

THE CHURCH IS HAVING ITS BEST YEAR—YOUR CO-OPERATION, LOYALTY AND SUPPORT HAVE MADE IT POSSIBLE



Dr. Bradley was Chairman of the Mid-West Regional Finals of the Thomas Jefferson National Oratorical Contest held in Chicago. The winners in the Mid-West Finals, pictured above with Dr. Bradley, were also the winners of the National Finals held in New York City. (Left) John F. Monroe, Jr., 16, Senior at the Marquette University High School, Milwaukee, Wis., and (right) James Rathbun, 21, Junior at Northwestern University, Chicago, Illinois.

(Photo by Milwaukee Sentinel)

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO BROADCASTS

Dr. Bradley can be heard daily, Monday through Friday, over the following stations at the hours listed:

WGN—Chicago, Ill.....7:15 a.m.	WOW—Omaha, Nebr. 7:15 a.m.
KSTP—Minneapolis, Minn..7:45 a.m.	KSD—St. Louis, Mo.....7:15 a.m.
WNAX—Yankton, S. Dak..6:00 p.m.	KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo.....6:00 p.m.
KBTM—Jonesboro, Ark....7:45 a.m.	WHO—Des Moines, Ia.....6:00 p.m.

Won't you write your friends in any of the cities listed and ask them to listen in and send Dr. Bradley their comments.

SUNDAY SERVICES

SUNDAY MORNING—11:00 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD.

SUNDAY EVENING—Resumed September 19th.

CHICAGO UNITARIAN CHURCHES ON THE AIR

Every Sunday morning at 10:00 o'clock on station WAIT, one of the most powerful Chicago Stations, the following Unitarian ministers will be heard:

May 2nd—Rev. Von Ogden Vogt—
First Church

May 9th and 16th—Rev. Robert S.
Turner—Hinsdale Church

May 23rd and 30th—Rev. John R.
Heyworth—Unity Church

June 6th and 13th—Rev. John
Nicholls Booth—Evanston Church

Dr. Bradley presides at these broadcasts and introduces the speaker.

This series was underwritten by the

eight Unitarian Churches of the Chicago area, together with some personal gifts.

"UNDYING HOPE"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY,

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago, March 21, 1943

FEW, if any, generations in the whole history of civilization have passed through many more serious eras and epochs of depression and frustration than the generation in which we live. We could rehearse the whole evolution of human society and probably we would not find within such a confined period of human history, nominally about a quarter of a century, such deep suffering from the mood of despair, depression and defeat. I can give you two or three illustrations of what I mean by this because I want to create the atmosphere of this mood before we look into the possibilities of those undying hopes of our hearts which are fundamentally and vitally a part of our personalities.

There was the great hope of 1914, and of 1918 when we met each other on the streets on a memorable day and we said to each other: "Now war is over; we are finished with it; it shall be the last one, and we will now settle down to the greater business of creating for ourselves and for posterity an environment in which the full personality can function without limitations, without hindrances, and without injury." And so we built up the mechanical equipment of governmental association called the "League of Nations," and for several years that constituted for us a great and beautiful hope. We thought, "Now, at last, we have arrived at that period of human progress whereby we can create a great world" and then bit by bit the League of Nations tumbled to pieces and those great Palaces of Peace at Geneva, that had constituted the crystallization of the hopes of mankind, became filled with cobwebs and their aisles covered with

dust, and that dream collapsed, and that hope died.

Then we entered into a period of unprecedented prosperity as a people, and we experienced all of those emotional upheavals that are associated with physical well-being. We developed an uncanny and an unusual sense of the permanency of that moment, and very few people believed that prosperity would ever grow dark and that the sunlight of prosperity and ease, all associated with the achievement of that kind of thing, would ever fail us, and we had a great hope of that sort of thing living on and lasting through all the future of our lives, but one black day, a Friday in November, 1929, that ideal of prosperity and the permanency of the mood in which we all lived, crashed about us and a trail of bankruptcy ran across the country. Suicides became in vogue, and thousands and millions of our people, who had put a little by for a rainy day, saw that little melt away in an era of depression; and that hope dashed at our feet.

Then a little later came the hope of the possibilities that were involved when war clouds blackened the sky of Europe and Asia that possibly there would be some way in which we could avoid the tragedy of war, and our hopes were buoyant again with the possibilities of exhausting every opportunity, the utterances of presidents, the speeches of statesmen and politicians, the sermons of preachers, until the whole air was almost universally filled with the cry of "Let us have peace, peace at all hazards, and peace at all costs!" The President of the United States here in our own city of Chicago,

voiced what was at the moment considered to be one of the most revolutionary speeches dealing with international affairs that was ever uttered by the lips of an American President while in office, when, speaking to the world he sent out the message "The time has arrived in the history of world affairs to quarantine the outlaw nations of the world, Germany and Japan!" This brought about a great wave of resentment to the implications of his utterance at a time when Germany was nowhere near the Germany of 1941, and Japan was nowhere near the Japan of Pearl Harbor; public opinion swept the nation in a wave of resentment and spoke of it in one phrase: "He means war and is a warmonger!" If public opinion had been *with* the President in that utterance, and had spoken on a basis of the democratic societies of the world, this hour might have been prevented in human history, according to some of the wisest world students, but the public opinion was not there and the President of the United States knew it better than anyone else, with the result that instead of the Japan that we were to quarantine and the Germany that was to be quarantined by the democratic societies of the world, we soon were shipping scrap iron from Chicago to Japan, and oil from the oil fields of Oklahoma and Texas, in a desperate effort to hold back the madness of Japan by appeasement until we were ready to fight a two-ocean war, and at the same time the British Commonwealth of Nations was attempting to appease the madness of the beast of Berlin by an effort of co-operation in the question or re-arming the Third Reich, and when this effort was being made little did we think that it would be returned to us in the bleeding bodies of our own boys and in the agonies of our own hearts. So when the clarion voice of the nation's leader arose at

the hour of serious implications and found no public opinion to endorse it, we started the era of appeasement and as a result of that appeasement with both Germany and Japan, another great hope went dashing to our feet, and the world is in flames.

Yes, I say, our generation has had one series after another of broken hopes and devastated dreams, and we are already seeing the beginnings of that accumulation of environment very favorable indeed to the creation of a still greater collapse of our hopes in international affairs. The one dream and the one passion of our lives is based upon the undying hope that out of this tragedy and out of this hour, when the final decisive battle is won, that once again we may be unable to rise, through the pressure of public opinion, into the full stature of the position which this nation must occupy when the time for greatness arises again. But one need not be very acutely attuned in order to hear the grumblings and rumblings abroad in our land today—beginnings, suspicions, anxieties, and worries that perhaps this is only a prelude to another war. Already the Berlin radio hurls to the world in the desperation of this hour: "We are now preparing for World War No. 3!" Already we can hear the reverberations of it, and as I pass about the country and talk to people at every opportunity, in every grade of the social status, people who are poor, rich, intelligent, illiterate, in great occupations, and in menial occupations, as I ask them, "What about the future?" they do not talk as they did a year ago. Then the reply was very quick, very apt, very decisive, very dogmatic about that future, and people said: "Now we are going to settle some things!" The spirit of undying hope was abroad in the land everywhere. Ladies and gentlemen, it is not there

today. At the very hour in which I speak to you, and even in the midst of a contemplation and a consideration of the immensity of the cost, the cost in all that that word means, in casualty lists which increase in length, doubts are beginning to grow; politics is beginning to rear its vicious, vituperous head again; speculation is running riot, accusations are growing, rumor is increasing, envy and jealousy are growing within our midst, racial hatreds are increasing by leaps and bounds . . . never, never since this war started have racial hatreds among us grown to such proportions as they have in the last few months! People are being hated because of their race, and their color, and their creed in the United States today, right now, more vociferously and more tragically than since the war began, and it is creating a question in our minds; it is creating a question in our hearts as to whether we can do this thing; whether we can meet this God-given opportunity, when it comes; and a mood of depression is settling down upon thousands of American people who say American business is being destroyed, that there is no future in the field of economy and of industry and that we will awaken out of it and find ourselves a regimented world in which there will be but little vestige left of that traditional free spirit of individual genius and the application of individual ability to the problems of humanity. The heart of America is afraid that in spite of the tremendous cost to the brains and souls of men that we are going to be unequal to the opportunity of greatness when we close the door of the slaughterhouse and enter the door of international agreement and peace.

That feeling is settling down upon Americans and there is an inevitable mutilation of inner personality when these things happen. That is why it is

like a rapier thrust in your heart; and while your lips are singing peace, international brotherhood, international understanding and international love, international co-operation, and while our boys are hanging over jagged coral reefs in the South Pacific, and while they are falling out of the sky, and while they are freezing in the sea lanes to Murmansk, all these things are happening to our souls and our hearts; and though we sing with our lips the music of our dreams, beneath the song and beneath the dreams are the lurking devils whispering through lips of envy, jealousy and fear, "It cannot be done, you Americans, it cannot be done. Your boys are dying and your dollars are rotting at the bottom of the ocean; you cannot do it, America!" and then the disintegration of the hope that was behind the song on our lips strikes at our hearts: *THAT IS THE HOUR FOR WHICH HOPE WAS BORN!* Not on the sunlit plains and on the broad plateaus of peace, contentment, ease, food, dollars, and all the graces that are associated with a sense of well-being and the permanency of ease; hope flees when prosperity woos, for hope is no longer needed. We need hope when the hour is the darkest and the night is longest; when the way is most beset with thorns and stones. Then is the hour when hope comes knocking at the door of our hearts, pounding at the imprisoned citadels of our dead minds, unable to grasp because of prejudice and passion the sweep of the universal ideal of God. We become self-jailed in our own little tomb with the iron and steel of that blighting phrase "It cannot be done!" When they whisper in our ears with siren sweetness of the diabolical defeats, as they portray the collapse and cataclysm of past history, when man rose to the heights and fell to the depth of blackness and they whisper

to us "You are like the rest," then something happens to the well integrated soul and the masterly individual, for he knows that in his personal life when the crash comes and the failure, and the doors are slammed in one's face and nothing but despair and defeatism are in possession of one's life, *HE KNOWS THAT THAT IS THE GREAT HOUR FOR THE NEW BIRTH OF AN ENDURING HOPE!*

What is this hope that will not let you go? What is this thing that when your hour is the blackest and the darkest and the most dismal, with no sunlight in your lives, business gone, friends gone, loved ones dead or have deserted you, what is it that does not let you go? *HOPE!* Down deep in your subconscious self there is a part of God, and God is hanging onto you, and that little hidden spark that was smothered and almost quenched by the satisfactions of life, that we had forgotten, did not forget us, and when it is darkest and the billows roll and the surf breaks on the rocks until the earth shakes in your life, it does not let go, and you find the opportunity by which there can be the beginnings, slight, imperfect, inexact, defective, yes; but the inner soul of you never belongs to anything except your best. It is never touched by your violent sin; it is never blackened by your most unkindly lie; it is never twisted by your deepest hatreds: there is a part of you, the inner self, the deep subterranean self, that God never lets go of when you do your worst and your poorest.

Ladies and gentlemen, there is an exact duplication of that law in the physical universe. For every spiritual law there is a counterpart physical law; there is an analogy, and that analogy is just as true on the basis of the globe and all that is implied by the

"global" designation; there is an undying hope, and that undying hope will make itself articulate until in the environment of love and of goodness and of beauty it will become the devotional flame of our lives and of the globe; until all that is in enmity with the highest consciousness of the Infinite will be eliminated in the development of the ages.

That is the undying hope, and there is no enemy powerful enough or strong enough to kill the reality of that truth. So you go on from day to day and the despair and cynicism are the giants of negation. You look at the failure of the League of Nations and you say "It cannot be done." You look at the efforts of people down through the centuries to eliminate war and you say "It cannot be done." Negations, doubts! You know that negations have a destructive power and he who fondles the idea of negation creates for himself the activity which negation inspires and which finally destroys. Do you realize that you must not let yourself be negative in your attitude toward life, toward friends, toward religion, toward people, toward anything? There is many a tragedy walking the streets of Chicago today, the result of an attitude of negation; wholly negative personalities; and a negative personality, day by day and hour by hour, only creates his own tragedy; you will build it as sure as fate through negation.

Someone, I don't know who it was, in order to make more articulate to us the length of time in which the great historic processes have been operating in civilization, said: "Let us build with the unit of 50, and think of 50 as the complete circle of time." If we think of 50 as the complete circle of time, man's effort to develop the physical sustenance necessary for his life in all that we have achieved in a modern

sense, has only required one hour out of the fifty hours. All that we have accomplished can be thought of, by comparison, for purposes of making it more intelligent, as having required one hour out of the fifty hours of human history. Man's spiritual perceptions and man's conception of an ethical society of world dimensions have occupied only five minutes out of the fifty hours of human history: five minutes out of the 50 hours is the length of time we have been at work on the dream of a better world.

I think we have done admirably, and I say that in the presence of war. Five minutes out of fifty hours is all we have given to it, and yet that ideal, in spite of everything, pounds away, pounds away, pounds away at the hearts and minds with the persistent echoes of the resurrected hope that perhaps, when the hour dawns, there will be some type of genius, genius of leadership, of statesmanship, of business, of education, of religion, and perhaps, who knows, when that hour dawns all of our despair may melt in the rebirth of a great hope and in that hour we may be equipped and competent to meet its challenge! Build, my friends, by your own inner attitudes for that hour. Don't let despair take hold of you! Don't let calamity,

enmity, hate, envy or jealousy wear you down! Don't create the psychological environment for the destruction of your own personalities, for that's what will happen. To be in the world and not of it! Thrill to it, live to it, breathe to it, but be something kingly and powerful in your hopes that will add cumulatively to the sum total of the environment when the hour dawns!

How long has it been since you read "Robinson Crusoe"? With some of you it has been a long time, and some of you older people missed the joy of reading it. Read it now! For in "Robinson Crusoe" I remember as a boy, and the significance of it now dawns, he lived on his island home in the atmosphere of defeatism; of the certain knowledge that there would be no escape—dependent upon the resources of himself—and that nothing he could do could ever mean release: purely negative, always negative; and then one day he saw a footprint on the sand, and the footprint dissolved all of his negative attitude—one footprint on the sand and Robinson Crusoe became a positive personality with hope indwelling in his heart. You find the *footprint on the sand* and your despair will vanish!

MAY CHANGES!

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary,
The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave.
Chicago, Ills.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY..... Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

THERE must be about 18 million victory gardens planted if the plans which our government are making to supplement our food supply are to be finally consummated; six million farm gardens and twelve million city and town gardens. When this whole victory garden idea was first inaugurated many people thought of it somewhat as a fad or a diversion and when we talked about victory gardens it frequently resulted in smiles on the faces of people; but the smiles are gone. The gardens are a diversion; they are also necessities. They are an important part of the war effort and to be taken very seriously. Right here in Chicago we are having noon-day meetings in the Chicago Public Library in the loop on Victory Gardens. Some of you may wonder if there will be enough seed for all of these gardens. The government officials say there will be. If you do not get your first choice, there will be enough to raise the many necessary vegetables. There may be some seed shortage in onions, beets and carrots, but other vegetables can be substituted for these. No free seeds will be given by the government. The Office

of Price Administration has ruled that ration certificates or stamps are not needed to buy dried beans, peas and some other vegetables needed for planting. Of course the element here is that of waste. Amateur gardeners are very apt to be wasteful of seeds. Victory gardening is not to be entered into without preliminary preparation. Otherwise many valuable seeds may be wasted. The matter of soil, light, moisture, and the kind of vegetable best adapted to the kind of soil which you have must be considered. It isn't a question of just scratching a little bit of earth and putting in any kind of a seed. A plot 30 by 50 feet or even smaller can be made to produce many of the vegetables needed for an average family, but it must be where it can get at least five hours of sun and be well drained and should not be located near large trees that will use up moisture and plant food from the soil. The Department of Agriculture will mail free, Bulletin No. 1371, dealing with the diseases and insects of garden vegetables. Victory Gardens will require from four to five hours of work a week and most of this will be devoted to the neces-

sary weeding of the garden.

Four lines written by Elizabeth Rundle Charles have a universal application.

"Go make thy garden fair as thou

canst,

Thou workest never alone;
Perhaps he whose plot is next to thine
May see it and mend his own."

P. B.



BOOK CHATS

 OUR regular Wednesday evening book lectures came to a close for the season on Wednesday evening, April 14th. A great audience assembled for the last lecture and in observance of the Tenth Anniversary of the Book Lectures.

I had an interesting time speaking on my ten years as a book reviewer. The attendance throughout the season has exceeded our expectations and already I am looking forward to the opening book lecture which will be on the first Wednesday evening of November. The only way I will have of keeping in touch with those who are interested in books and literature will be through the medium of Book Chats from month to month. I shall mention the more significant books and give thumbnail reviews of them in this department of our church magazine. I express to the hundreds of people who have attended our lectures this season my appreciation for their attendance and support. The book lectureship has become a Chicago institution and it was most inspiring to hear comments after the closing lecture and to receive the many kind expressions of appreciation from those who attend.

* * *

It seems incredible that the birthday of Shakespeare should pass as unnoticed as it did this year. In former years I remember going with James O'Donnell Bennett and the great

Shakespearean interpreter and actor, Donald Robertson, together with other friends of the Bard, to his monument in Lincoln Park on his birthday and always listening to some readings from his plays or sonnets and placing a wreath upon his monument. So far as I know there was only one recognition of the birthday this year, and that was held by the Chicago Woman's Club, the Department of Fine Arts and Literature, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Albion Hepburg. Under her able chairmanship there was a dual event in paying tribute to the artists who were the recipients of the prizes given by Chicagoans at the annual exhibition of artists of Chicago and vicinity, and the commemoration of the birth of Shakespeare. Many of the donors of the art prizes were present and greeted the artists, some of whom were there. Others who were in the military services, sent expressions of appreciation. Mrs. Charles S. Clarke, President of the Conference of Club Presidents, Judge John P. McGoorty, Mrs. Glenn Frank, Mrs. Andrew MacLeish, Mr. Charles H. Burkholder, of the Chicago Art Institute, Mrs. Stella Waterman, Mr. W. H. Gallienne and myself were Guests of Honor.

I was invited to give the tribute to Shakespeare and was grateful for the privilege. Trying to say anything new about Shakespeare or his work is like trying to add colors to a picturesque

sunset or beauty to a perfect dawn. It simply can't be done. I touched briefly on the universality of Shakespeare, and how his plays translated into any language become classical presentations of the whole range of human experience and emotion. I have seen all of the great Shakespearean actors and actresses of my generation, beginning with Richard Mansfield, right up to the present, and it is a very sad comment on the American theatre that Shakespeare has practically disappeared. Every city and almost every smaller community of the nation at one time had their season of Shakespearean drama. All of which reminds me of what Mr. John E. Kellard, who was a good Shakespearean actor, although never a great one, told me once, when he was here playing in Julius Caesar. He said that when Shakespeare ceased to be played there would be no great theatre. The difficulty is that there is no opportunity for the younger actors to learn Shakespeare. There is no place for them to acquire the experience of Shakespearean acting. But I look for a renaissance of interest in Shakespeare, and I think that before many seasons have passed, there will come a revival of interest in the plays of the poet of Avon. There will always be people who are deeply interested in Shakespeare from a literary approach, but we must not forget that Shakespeare was a playwright first of all, and that his plays were written to be produced and acted. He was of the theatre; he wrote for the theatre, and he is his best in the theatre.

I congratulate the Chicago Woman's Club for remembering the birth of our greatest man of letters.

* * *

Some years ago I remember reading in the "British Weekly" a Christmas story entitled, "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," by an unknown author to me, whose

name was James Hilton. A few months later Alexander Woollcott, in a national broadcast, spoke of this story and its author and the next day the whole country was anxious to read "Good-bye, Mr. Chips." I read the story long before Mr. Woollcott brought it to the attention of the nation, clipped it from the "British Weekly," and it is now one of my prized possessions. Later it was made into one of the most beautiful moving pictures I have ever seen, which was almost entirely devoid of the "Hollywood touch."

You will recall that on the 28th of April, 1942, the President of the United States made a broadcast to the nation just the February before the U. S. Cruisers "Houston" and "Marblehead" were in action off the coast of Java. Badly battered by a heavy Japanese force, they limped into port. The President in his address said this: "Dr. Wassell was assigned to duty at Java, caring for wounded officers and men of the cruisers "Houston" and "Marblehead" which had been in heavy action in the Java seas. When the Japanese advanced across the island it was decided to evacuate as many as possible of the wounded to Australia, but about twelve of the men were so badly wounded that they could not be moved. Dr. Wassell remained with these men, knowing that he would be captured by the enemy, but he decided to do it, making a desperate attempt to get the men out of Java. He asked each of them if he wished to take the chance and every one agreed. He first had to get the twelve men to the sea coast. The men were suffering severely, but Dr. Wassell kept them alive by his skill and inspired them by his own courage. As the official report said, Dr. Wassell was almost like a Christ-like shepherd devoted to his flock." And now Mr. James Hilton, of "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" fame, has written the

story of Dr. Wassell in a book published by the Atlantic Monthly Press on April 22nd, 1943.

This simple, true story of an American Navy doctor who got his wounded men out of Java through the turmoil of the Japanese invasion will stir the hearts of Americans as no book I know of that has come out of this war. James Hilton is one of our great writers and he has done the most beautiful bit of writing I have run across in many a blue moon in this new book. I hope that you will read the little book. All of the author's royalties will be given to the Navy Relief Society. The book is heartily endorsed by the Council on Books in Wartime, an organization made up of publishers, book sellers, librarians and other groups, believing that some books are weapons in the war of ideas, and indeed they are. This war must not only be won on the battle fields of the earth and the sky-lanes

and sea-lanes, but also in the realm of ideas. The ideas and ideals back of the democracies are worthy of all the sacrifices of every kind which we will be called upon to make. "The Story of Dr. Wassell," as written by a great literary artist, takes the book out of the category of mere reporting or of transitory journalism and elevates it to the dignity of great literature.

* * *

During the winter months I have acquired a great many books which I have not had time to read, but which a casual glance convinces me are important, and I am spending what leisure time I have these days in sorting out the accumulation of the season for the purpose of packing and sending them off to our little island, where I hope to lay the foundation for our next season's book lectures together.

P. B.

TAKEN FROM DR. BRADLEY'S NEW BOOK "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

HOW IS YOUR HEART?

About 7,000 schemes have already been organized to save America. No one has thought of saving America on the basis of each individual being saved first. That is not so simple.

Perhaps one of the secrets for saving the world is to be quite certain the inner reality which is you is saved. It does not behoove me to talk about brotherhood when there is any hate in my own heart. It does not do any good for me to become eloquent and wax enthusiastic about injustice to the Negro or Jew, or any minority group, unless I am quite certain that deep down in my own heart I have removed all animosity and hatred.



Infinite Love, make the message of these words an influence for good. Be Thou to us as a symbol of unity with all life—be Thou truly One. Help us to reflect the matchless beauty of the humanity of Christ. Help us to "live a life of Faith and Hope"—to "believe in the mighty power of Truth and Love."

May we make no attack upon another's religion. May we strive to maintain no creed. May we ever maintain the attitude of the open mind.



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

BECAUSE the Mail Bag is bulging with splendid letters which I know will be of interest, I am going to give you several of them in lieu of any chatting about the thoughts crowding around me, all but enticing me away from the work at hand—Spring's unfoldment fulfilled in the lovely month of May—the sweet aroma arising from warm earth newly broken for the gardens—gentle soft air we have so long awaited, and Victory Gardens—I do want to talk about Victory Gardens, but no—let us open the Mail Bag.

The first letter is from Dr. Charles E. Barker. I want to tell you something about this gentleman which will add interest to his friendly letter. Dr. Barker is a Doctor of Physical Culture and Hygiene, and during the four years William Howard Taft was President, was his physical instructor. He spent an hour each morning with the President and kept him in good condition. From 1913 to 1919 Dr. Barker lectured all over the country under the auspices of the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A. During the summer months he was the leading health lecturer for Redpath Chautauqua, and that is when Dr. Bradley became acquainted with him. Dr. Barker says he has appeared before over three thousand Rotary Clubs and given thirteen thousand addresses to other audiences. Besides all that he is a lover of golf and plays a great game. Following is his letter from Mudlavia:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I simply must

drop you a note to let you know how very much I was impressed with your sermon on "Power" to which I listened via radio this morning. As I travel from city to city, I always attend some church on Sunday, but I am spending this week-end at this lovely and comfortable hotel, and as it is away from any town by several miles, I had to attend church via the air, so of course I availed myself of the chance to hear you, and was I repaid! I'll say so!

"For the past few months I have been trying to say to the Rotarians something of the truth you gave us today, viz., that real, permanent, lasting power can only come through sincere, unselfish service to others; so your words were a great inspiration to me, as you say it with so much more clarity than I. As I listened I thought of Henley, who wrote those *apparently* virile and stirring lines: "I am the master of my fate, I am the Captain of my soul!" That euphonious philosophy has caught the fancy of many of our youth today, and they rush on madly to ruin their own lives—never taking God and His laws into account. Well, someone ought to remind those who quote these lines with so much gusto, that Henley committed suicide. You know better than I do that anyone who attempts to chart his course through life by selfishly following his own wishes and desires is bound to be shipwrecked.

"I do want to thank you for this sermon. I took it to myself and I face my work tomorrow with more

courage and a stronger heart.

"Keep your 'White Banners' flying as I know you will, for this old world needs the truth as never before. More power to you.

Cordially yours,
Charles E. Barker."

It always interests me when Dr. Bradley has proof, shown in various ways, of the interest amounting to devotion from doormen, elevator operators, dining car stewards and waiters, red-caps and porters—and I should include engineers, recalling one time when we were in Minnesota and stopped at a railroad crossing to wait for a freight train to pass. Doctor opened the automobile door and leaned out to watch the train. He suddenly heard a voice yelling "Hello, Dr. Bradley! Hi! Dr. Bradley—hello!" Then we noticed the engineer leaning way out his cab window waving his cap and grinning broadly. Doctor returned the greeting and told us that engineer had driven the engine on a Northwestern passenger train on which he had often traveled. He was obviously surprised and pleased to see Doctor where he least expected him. Now here is a letter from a former doorman at the Sherman Hotel, written from Ft. McClellan, Alabama:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I cannot tell you what a pleasant surprise it was for me to be reading the April issue of American magazine in Camp Library here and find your splendid picture. Words are inadequate for me to express what comfort and inspiration was derived from same, owing to my having the honor and pleasure of knowing you. Have missed your broadcast on radio since induction in service of our country. Tried on several occasions to get you on Sunday but cannot find a station here that carries your Sunday services. I have missed your voice

greatly and your consoling words of comfort in this mad world. Since my induction have thought of you and when saying my prayers at night have asked for the blessing of the Almighty that I may be spared to enjoy and share again your wisdom and guidance.

"Knowing a man of your type makes the army life easier and gives me a determined desire to give all for what you practice and preach. It is leaders like you that we soldiers don't mind following because your light is a true course upon which the world should be guided, and then our life's blood would not be necessary. But in giving we give freely and courageously, feeling and knowing that in the end we shall enjoy what you have shared so freely and believe in.

"The privilege of knowing you has made many dark days easy to bear, because we had the knowledge of what you are trying to do without the supreme price. My best wishes and prayers are always that God may spare you to see your ideals come true. In closing, my kindest regards to Mrs. Bradley and son. May your Easter service reach out and help ease some soldier in his loneliness, many miles away from home and loved ones.

"I am your soldier friend in service,
Pfc. Edwin T. Bramlette."

"P.S. Please forgive pencil as I wrote this at library and did not have ink available. Would like to also make clear in your mind just who I am, owing to the many people you know and hear from. I am your friend and admirer of many years, Eddie, former Clark St. Doorman, Sherman Hotel, Chicago, Illinois, Clark and Randolph Sts."

It must be quite a deprivation to a person who loves to read to live in a town without a public library. Here is a letter from a young man athirst for books—who expresses his circum-

stances quite sadly:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Please excuse the informality of this letter written in my own handwriting. My typewriter has gone to war, leaving me to carry on alone. In these most troublous times, it is easy to become depressed by problems that have entrapped us so that we can think of nothing else. I, too, have found it difficult at times to maintain a proper balance of mental exercise.

"I have followed your contributions to the Chicago Sun 'Book Week Section,' with keen interest, and I have listened to your words eagerly for the escape they give me at least once each week. However, living in a town which is without a private or public library, and being many miles from the nearest book-stores, I find my reading appetite curtailed.

"If you have any volumes for which you cannot find a place in your library or with which you would like to part, I would appreciate them most sincerely. I do not pretend that you should make an outright gift, but a loan I would gladly repay by passing the volumes on to another worthy person in much the same way that Benjamin Franklin loaned a bank note of ten louis d'or to Benjamin Webb.

"I am a young man of twenty-one, ardently interested in many subjects. Early this winter I received an honorable discharge from the Naval Air Corps, having been found physically incapable of further active duty. At the present time, I am enjoying a quiet life here in this very undisturbed town with my wife and her family.

"Your reward in this case would be the satisfaction and pleasure of know-

ing that you have given me many hours of real enjoyment.

Most respectfully yours,
Warren W. Johnston,
Box 13, Roberts, Illinois."

With this kind note of appreciation from a southern lady visiting her daughter in Lake Bluff, we will close the Mail Bag:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: It is with the deepest appreciation that I send these lines to say I have enjoyed your message through many years, in various places, and always get the uplift. Whether religious, or literary, or pertaining to world matters, it has been a unique pleasure to be in your audience. I am spending this winter with my daughter in Lake Bluff, and have heard many of your six o'clock talks, as well as a number of your Sunday morning services.

"I am a southerner from Kentucky, and this severe climate has kept me indoors up to date. But April is holding many good days for us and I hope to hear many and much more from the same source. My daughter never misses your talks at six o'clock and I sit with her in the gratification of a sacred benefit.

Truly,
Mrs. G. W. Pickels."

And now to quote from Solomon (2:11-12):

"For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."

Well—I hope Solomon's words still hold true!

Be sure to write—AND—KEEP—
ON—THE—BEAM!



THE UPTOWN PLAYERS CENTER OF ALLIED ARTS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle St.

Whitehall 5257

MAY CALENDAR

- Sat., May 1 "The Torch-Bearers"—final performance
8:30 P.M. Adm. 55c
- Sun., May 2 Vesper Service conducted by J. Bradley-Griffin
5:00 P.M.
- Thu., May 6 Mary Conen and Margaret Cashman
8:15 P.M. Adm. 35c
- Fri., May 7 "Distinguished Gathering"—opening performance
8:30 P.M. Adm. 55c
- Sat., May 8 "Distinguished Gathering"
8:30 P.M. Adm. 55c
- Sun., May 9 Vesper Service conducted by J. Bradley-Griffin
5:00 P.M.
- Thu., May 13 Muriel Landers, Lyric Soprano, and Blanche Graham, Pianist,
in joint recital
8:15 P.M. Adm. 35c
- Fri., May 14 "Distinguished Gathering"
8:30 P.M. Adm. 55c
- Sat., May 15 "Distinguished Gathering"
8:30 P.M. Adm. 55c
- Sun., May 16 Vesper Service conducted by J. Bradley-Griffin
5:00 P.M.
- Thu., May 20 Florence Burke Ellis, Book Lecture—"Mr. Winkle Goes to
War"
8:15 P.M. Adm. 35c
- Fri., May 21 "Distinguished Gathering"
8:30 P.M. Adm. 55c
- Sat., May 22 "Distinguished Gathering"
8:30 P.M. Adm. 55c
- Sun., May 23 Vesper Service conducted by J. Bradley-Griffin
5:00 P.M.
- Thu., May 27 J. Bradley-Griffin and Lulu Jones Downing Concert-Recital
8:15 P.M. Adm. 35c
- Fri., May 28 "Distinguished Gathering"
8:30 P.M. Adm. 55c
- Sat., May 29 "Distinguished Gathering"
8:30 P.M. Adm. 55c
- Sun., May 30 Vesper Service
5:00 P.M.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS CENTER OF ALLIED ARTS

1219 N. LaSalle St.

Whi. 5257

SCHEDULE OF CLASSES

First Quarter—April 26-July 2

Monday—6:30-8:00 P.M.—Studio A—DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION
AND DICTION—By J. Bradley-Griffin

Tuesday—6:30-8:00 P.M.—Studio B—RADIO
By Marjorie Lamie

Wednesday—6:30-8:00 P.M.—Studio C—RHYTHM AND BODY COOR-
DINATION—By Vivian Gonciar

Wednesday—8:00-9:30 P.M.—Studio B—FRENCH
By Countess D'arlier

Thursday—6:30-8:00 P.M.—Studio A—SPANISH
By Ethel Smalley

Thursday—6:30-8:00 P.M.—Studio B—DIALECTS
By Wilms Herbert

Thursday—6:00-8:00 P.M.—Studio C—PAINTING AND DESIGN
By Marvyn Harbert

Friday—6:30-8:00 P.M.—Studio C—PHYSICAL FITNESS
By June Haslet

Friday—6:30-8:00—Studio A—MAKE-UP
By Marvyn Harbert

Saturday—Children's Classes and the Children's Theatre under the direction of
Coryl Mardell Schumann

Private lessons can be arranged with the various individual teachers.

The activities of the Uptown Players Center have gone on in ever increasing proportions. And now the Uptown Players take great pleasure in announcing the affiliation of Alice Gerstenberg, who is not only a pioneer in the Little Theatre Movement but also a playwright of international professional production and publication, with the faculty of The Uptown Players Center of Allied Arts.

In speaking of Miss Gerstenberg, the *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY* (New Series) says:

"Her exceptional gifts, generous and enthusiastic sympathies have combined to make her career one of striking individual achievement and of great constructive force. She is an inspirational source of new and constructive ideas. To be identified with her work or play is a joyous adventure."

Miss Gerstenberg is the author of such outstanding plays as "The Water Babies," a dramatization of the book by Charles Kingsley, which was given a professional production at the Repertory Theatre in Boston; a dramatization of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," which had national recognition and production; "The Pot-Boiler," "Overtones," "Glee Plays the Game," "Time for Romance," "When Chicago Was Young," and many others, including a number of one-act plays which she has collected and published under the title of "Comedies All."

The course in playwrighting offered by Miss Gerstenberg will be one of immediate writing and practical demonstration, which will include walking rehearsals and test performances. In addition, every play of merit will be submitted to the Play-Reading Com-

mittee of The Uptown Players, and those that are approved by the committee will be included in The Uptown Players' schedule of major productions.

Miss Gerstenberg's course will begin on Thursday, April 29, at 6:30 P.M. The fee will be 50c per class to holders of Patron or Associate Memberships in the Uptown Players and 75c per class to non-members. A Patron Member-

ship sells for \$10.00 per year and an Associate Membership for \$1.00 per month. In addition to the special class rate, they also entitle the holder to an admission to each of the major productions and admissions to all of the Thursday attractions.

Any additional information will be furnished gladly upon request.

THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS WERE PUBLICLY RECEIVED IN- TO MEMBERSHIP IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 25, 1943.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo A. Blom
Miss Lucille Bridges
Mrs. J. Brims
Mr. and Mrs. Ted Brontsema, Elm-
wood Pk., Ill.
Mrs. Mary Ellen Campbell
Mrs. Nina Clark
Mrs. Harriet Cole
Miss Violet M. Colwell
Mrs. Rachel L. Cowden, Oak Park, Ill.
Mrs. Stephanie Coyne
Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Crocker, Gary,
Ind.
Miss Ruby Crocker, Gary, Ind.
Mr. and Mrs. George Dunlop
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Ellsworth
Mrs. Albert A. Frey
Mr. Chester Fijal
Miss Virginia Fijal
Mrs. Robert E. Fishman, from the 2nd
Presbyterian Church of Philadel-
phia, Penn.
Mr. and Mrs. Johannes E. J. Foerster
Miss Victoria Gustafson
Mrs. Margrethe Hardin
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hauer
Miss Neoma Nadene Hickman, Down-
ers Grove, Ill.

Mrs. Charles Imbody
Miss Joan Jeanette Imbody
Mr. and Mrs. Logan R. Jedlicka,
Cicero, Ill.
Mr. Bradley Jedlicka, Cicero, Ill.
Miss Lois M. Johnston
Miss Eleanor Francis Jeannet
Miss Wilma Emma Kirchoff
Miss Dollie E. Kolberg
Miss Ethel Renee Kulwin
Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kushman
Mrs. M. C. Lanmon
Miss Frances Laughner, from 1st
Methodist Church, Urbana, Ill.
Mr. Frederick C. Ledke
Mrs. Ethel Levene
Mr. and Mrs. A. Paul Lind, Linden,
Michigan
Mr. and Mrs. Carl R. Lind, Linden,
Michigan
Mrs. Theresa S. Livengood
Mrs. Ethel H. Lund
Mrs. Fred Martin
Miss Grace Michaels
Miss Florence M. Moore
Mr. Raymond Mostek
Mrs. Clara McIntosh

Mrs. Max Ed Nonnenbruch, from 20th
Church of Christ, Scientist
Miss Alette H. Ornes
Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Orr, Gary, Ind.
Mrs. Evelyn Peterson, from Bethesda
Ev. Lutheran Church, Chicago
Mr. Lawrence Rickert
Mr. Frank Rose.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Sahlstrom
Mr. Roy Sahlstrom
Mrs. Rosa R. Schnorf
Mr. H. A. Silverthorn
Mr. and Mrs. E. Glen Sweeney
Mr. Otis Taylor
Mr. and Mrs. George E. Warner, Lin-
den, Michigan

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE MONTH

From March 15th to April 15th, 1943

MARCH

- 16—Address. Merchandise Mart Club
Made 5 radio transcriptions
Radio Address. WGN
Address. Northside Division
Chicago Minute Men
- 17—Made radio transcription. WGN
Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
- 18—Address. Uptown Lions Club
Made 5 radio transcriptions
Radio Address. WGN
- 19—Radio address (transcription).
WGN
Address. Annual Banquet Mich-
igan Federation of Women's
Clubs, Hayes Hotel, Jackson,
Mich.
- 20—Address. Students Reserve Corps
U.S.A., Thorne Hall, N. W.
University
Radio Address. WLS "Home
Front"
- 21—Two services. Peoples Church
- 22—Address. Great Lakes Naval
Training School
Radio Address. WGN

- 23—Made 5 radio transcriptions
Radio Address. WGN
Address. Union League Club
- 24—Radio transcription. WGN
Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
- 25—Address. High School Assembly,
Pekin, Ill.
Radio Address. WGN (transcrip-
tion)
Address. County Teachers' Insti-
tute, Pekin, Ill.
- 26—Made 5 radio transcriptions
Radio Address. WGN
- 27—Radio Address. WLS "Home
Front"
- 28—Two services. Peoples Church
- 29—Address. Chicago Woman's Club
Radio Address. WGN
Address. Men's Club. Peoples
Church
- 30—Made 5 radio transcriptions
Radio address. WGN
- 31—Made radio transcription, WAIT
Radio address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Address. Auditorium Medical Fine
Arts Bldg. Unveiling Service
Plaque

APRIL

- 1—Address. Chicago Public Library
Radio Address. WGN
Address. American Jewish Congress, Edgewater Beach Hotel
- 2—Made 5 radio records
Radio Address. WGN
Address. 1st M. E. Church, St. Charles, Ill.
- 3—Address. DeVry Corporation
Address. Guest of Honor. Cameo Salon
- 4—Two services. Peoples Church
Presided Regional Finals
Jefferson Oratorical Contest
City Council Chambers
- 5—Radio Address. WGN, WHO, KSTP, WOW, KFEQ, KSD, WNAX, KBTM
Address. Grocery Mfrs. Luncheon, Hotel Sherman
Address. Woman's Club, Peoples Church
Address. Lawn Manor Community Center
- 6—Radio Address. WGN and seven other stations

Address. Teachers' Institute, Western Teachers College, Kalamazoo, Mich.

- 7—Radio Address. WGN and seven other stations
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
- 8—Radio Address. WGN and seven other stations
Made 5 Radio Records
Book Lecture. Uptown Players Center
- 9—Radio Address. WGN and seven other stations.
Address. Lyonsville Congregational Church. 100th Anniv.
- 11—Two Services. Peoples Church
- 12—Address. 1st Unitarian Church, Niagara Falls, N.Y.
- 13—Made 5 Radio Records
Address. Budlong School PTA
- 14—Address. Chicago Society of Ohio Women. Sherman Hotel
Address. Eitel's Restaurant
Address. 10th Anniv. of Book Lectures. Peoples Church
- 15—Address. Rotary Club. Hotel Statler, Cleveland, Ohio

Christenings

MARCH

- 21—Janet Hogarth Woods, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Woods
- 28—Sandra Kay Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Smith
Janice Lyn Shurley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Shurley

APRIL

- 4—Joyce Caryl Meiszner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Meiszner
 - 11—Erskine Scovell Adam, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Erskine Scovell Adam
- Easter Sunday, April 25th—
Nadine Louise Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Allen
Margaret Ellen and John Walter Baumhardt, children of Mr. and

Mrs. Edward Baumhardt
Jack Allan Bornhoft, son of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Bornhoft
Joan Alice Brockmeyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Brockmeyer.
Russell Lynn Carey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carey
Roberta Louise Chott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Chott
Patricia Mary and Paula Norton Eichenberg, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Eichenberg
Joan Helen Gramatte, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Gramatte
Karen Marie Gramm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gramm

David James Hamilton, son of
Mr. and Mrs. James Hamilton
Rollin Page Haseltine, son of Mr.
and Mrs. Daniel Haseltine
Nancy Gladys Heitmanek, daugh-
ter of Mr. and Mrs. Milo Heit-
manek
Roger Lind Hicksa, son of Mr.
and Mrs. Joseph Hicksa
Karla Sue Hoshor, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Karl Hoshor
Errol Bruce Hunter, son of Mr.
and Mrs. Norman R. Hunter
Donna Jean Kellogg, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Willis Kellogg
Robert Bernard Krogh, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Roy J. Krogh
Lynnelyn Kushman, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kushman
Richard Walter Kushman, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kushman
William Carl Lehnert, son of Mr.
and Mrs. William A. Lehnert
Arthur William Lund, son of Mr.
and Mrs. Orville Lund

Carol Jean Magdlin, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Magdlin
Felicia Grancine Martin, daughter
of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Martin
David John and Robert Lawrence
Michel, sons of Mr. and Mrs.
John J. Michel
Marion Laurane Moe, daughter
of Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Camp-
bell Moe
Robert Linus Olson, son of Mr.
and Mrs. Linus Olson
David Allen Sodergren, son of Mr.
and Mrs. Isaac Sodergren
Barbara Ann Stacy, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stacy
Robert Fredrick Timms, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Timms
Richard Frederick and Russell
Paul Wagner, sons of Mr. and
Mrs. Frank Wagner
Gregg Everett Wiederer, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Aloysius G.
Wiederer
Gail Arleene Yokas, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. William Yokas

Funerals

MARCH

15—Lottie Ganoung
17—Catherine Rommel
Norma J. Hansen
20—A. T. Roner
24—Albert Neuhaus
26—Wm. Jenks
27—Antoinette Vacin

29—Thomas Burton

APRIL

7—John Wayland
9—Anna Sohrbeck
James Wing
10—Stephen Sus
13—Burnell Peters

Weddings

MARCH

20—Frank J. Anderstrom and
Charlotte Nielson
23—Martin T. Van den Bosch and
Louise W. Brooks
27—Lee Samuel and
Justina Wiederer

APRIL

3—Lt. Robert Edgerton Maynard and
Dorothy Emily Kolar

Richard Logeman and
Mrs. Mildred W. Aroner
Henry Becker and
Mrs. Marguerite Hartman
10—Robert Smith and
June Winkelmann
13—James A. Wirthlin and
Florence Mae Comar
14—Vories Fisher and
Florence Armstrong

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month

gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send \$1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now nearing its Twentieth Anniversary, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your \$1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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Florence M. Moore

Edward Paschal

Robert Weeger

Ruth Leffler

Harry G. Nelson

George G. Eddy, Jr.

Tommy Bartlett

William James Walters

Elmer M. Wiederer

*Killed in action.

**Reported missing at sea.

Church Activities



SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 o'clock

Weekly broadcasts by Dr. Bradley daily over the following stations:

WGN—Chicago, Ills.....7:15 a.m.	WOW—Omaha, Neb.....7:15 a.m.
KSTP—Minneapolis, Minn. 7:45 a.m.	KSD—St. Louis, Mo.....7:15 a.m.
WNAX—Yankton, S. D.....6:00 p.m.	KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo.....6:00 p.m.
KBTM—Jonesboro, Ark...7:45 a.m.	WHO—Des Moines, Ia.....6:00 p.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE, Resumed Nov. 7th.....7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.....
Channing Hall, Sunday morning, 9:30 o'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH.....Hall C, Sunday morning—11:00 o'clock

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES.....
November through March, 8:00 o'clock sharp, Church Auditorium

CHOIR REHEARSALS....Thursday evenings, 8:00 o'clock Church Auditorium

RED CROSS UNIT....Every Tuesday and Thursday in Channing Hall—
9:30 to 4:00 o'clock

WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, May 10, 12:30 p.m.—Spring Luncheon, Edgewater Beach Hotel. Speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley. Music, Marimba, Doris Stockton, winner of 1942 Music Festival Contest. Reservations: Rogers Park 5046, Mrs. W. W. Hagen, or Longbeach 6878, Mrs. T. A. Harrison.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB
Thursday, May 13, 6:30 p.m.—Annual Dinner, Normandy House Restaurant, 800 N. Tower. Back of Chicago Avenue Water Tower. Reservations: Edgewater 2736, Gladys Thorell, or Longbeach 6878, Mrs. T. A. Harrison.

MEN'S CLUB....Meets every fourth Monday, Channing Hall, 8:00 o'clock

USHERS' CLUB.....Meets every second Thursday.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB.....Meets every Sunday afternoon,
4:00 o'clock, in Channing Hall

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. May play—"Distinguished Gathering" (English Mystery Play). Every Friday and Saturday. Curtain, 8:30 p.m. Tickets 55c. Thursday attractions: 6th—Mary and Margaret (Conen and Cashman); 13th—Muriel Landers and Blanche Graham; 20th—Florence Burke Ellis; 27th—J. Bradley-Griffin and Lulu Jones Downing. Tickets 35c. The Uptown Players invite you to their regular Sunday Evening Vesper Services, conducted by J. Bradley-Griffin, 5:00 to 6:00, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257.

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, LL.D., D.D.

Student Assistant

John K. Hammon, Meadville School—

Hyde Park 2077

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